

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

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Editorial

*Christianity, not manhood, is their pride.
E'en that which from their founder down has spiced
Their superstition with humanity,
'Tis not for its humanity they love it.
No; but because Christ taught, Christ practised it.
Happy for them he was so good a man!
Happy for them that they can trust his virtue!
His virtue? Not his virtue, but his name,
They say, shall spread abroad, and shall devour
And put to shame the names of all good men.
The name, the name is all their pride.*

—Lessing.

THE MEADVILLE PORTFOLIO, a handsome little bi-monthly under the editorship of Prof. F. A. Christie, assisted by five associates, has just made its appearance; its principal purpose being the praiseworthy one of making the Meadville Theological School, its work and its needs, better known to the liberal, especially the Unitarian, world. The principal article is a paper at once scholarly and practical, on "Congregational Worship," by Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph. D., a director of the Order for the Enrichment of Church Service recently organized at Meadville.

ONE by one our Oriental friends, who came to us with the message of brotherhood to the Parliament of Religions, are taking their leave and returning to the ancient landmarks of the East, carrying with them, may we hope, an enlargement and deepening of life which they have received from the children of the West in return for the gifts they brought with them. In another column our readers will find the farewell of our friend

and brother, Mr. Nagarkar, who, as a representative of the Brahmo Somaj of Bombay, has tarried this long chiefly with those of UNITY's household, and proven to us that the latest movements of the spirit are much alike in India and America. In the name of his many friends we bid him a happy voyage and God-speed, and trust that some of his friends may be able to find him in his own sunny land and do somewhat to repay the service he has rendered us.

JEROME, the artist, is responsible for the story that Millet once forgot the picture of the Angelus, allowing it to lie for three weeks in a barber shop from which place he had meant to carry it. During this time the customers lounged up against it while waiting their turn. Appreciation is a plant of slow growth. Many valuable things like this great picture go begging for an appreciation which they do not get. It is the part of religion to awaken an appreciation of things near and things common.

THE indications are that Tower Hill accommodations will all be utilized this summer. Most of the Long House sections are already engaged during the Institute season which will occupy the first two weeks in August. The dining room will be opened on Saturday, June 30, at which date the editor of UNITY hopes to arrive. Most of the cottages will be opened by that time. This week the editor will have been in attendance at the laying of the name-stone at Kalamazoo, and at the commencement exercises at Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin,—the ninth commencement address made during the month of June. Tower Hill will be his summer retreat, where he hopes to escape from the problems and duties which are his. Our readers may hear but little from him or of him during the next two months. May they, too, enjoy the rest. The only rest that is justifiable is that which prepares for better work. Nothing is dropped; some activities are suspended for the time being.

WE have received a handsome pamphlet, "The Church at Baltimore," the occasion of which was the seventy-fifth anniversary and reconsecration of the "First Independent Christ's Church," the historic church of which Jared Sparks was the first minister and in the pulpit of which Channing preached the great sermon whence dates the self-consciousness of American Unitarianism. The pamphlet contains a brief historical introduction by Rev. A. D. Smith, the assistant min-

ister; the orders of service, morning and evening, on the occasion of the consecration exercises; the report of the board of trustees; the address of the minister, Rev. Chas. R. Weld; the sermons of Rev. James De Normandie, who preached in the morning, and Rev. Grindall Reynolds, who delivered the evening sermon; and two fine cuts, one of the exterior and the other of the interior. Under the present pastor's long term, the church has had an era of steady growth, and with its present enlarged facilities for usefulness, much may be hoped for its future.

Not all city-weary people may hie themselves to country shade and the restoration to mind and body that comes therewith. Not all the terrors of city life are confined to winter severities and the exposure which poverty brings. There remains a heavy burden of summer woe in the back streets, alleys and crowded tenements of our cities. And it becomes the favored recipients of vacation amenities to remember this. In Chicago the Fresh Air Fund, gleaned and administered by the Daily News and Record Company, is one of the bright spots in our city at this time. This company is carrying on their sanitarium for sick babies out on the pier, whither the little ones are brought in the morning and returned in the cool of the evening in a wagonette, and given during the day all the restoring helpfulness that airy quarters, good nursing, proper food and medical skill can give without money and without price. In addition to this the privileges of a country week are extended to many. So much abuse is heaped upon the newspapers by the church and its representatives that it gives us great pleasure to commend this beautiful enterprise, hoping that many will help and that others will go and do likewise.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks that the sun-myth theory of Christ set forth in Dr. Chunn's sermon recently published in UNITY, makes too little account of the ethical thought and the revelations of personality contained in the Gospels. We feel that our correspondent is in the main right. Doubtless there is in historic Christianity a considerable element of paganism—of myth and of customs which can be traced to various forms of nature worship. But to say this is a very different thing from denying that we find evidence of a great personality, a living, loving Jesus, at the beginning of Christianity. Dr. Chunn is certainly right in teaching us that Christianity is no such simple thing as the traditionalists have taught. It is not the mere

embodiment of the life and teaching of a divine man. But on the other hand, neither is it the simple thing Dr. Chunn seems to think it—the mere embodiment and personification of a sun-myth. It is rather the result of the contact of the religion, ethics and philosophy of the East and the West, in which the personality of the loving Jew of Nazareth played a great part, and in which the ethics of the Jew and the philosophy of the Greek are intrinsically blended and interwoven with nature worship and the tendency to deify the great.

CHICAGO and New York are just now engaged in a holy rivalry; each trying to secure the future service of a son of light, a prophet of truth. Unity Church of Chicago has called the Rev. Merle St. C. Wright to be its pastor, and is using every legitimate means to induce him to transfer his field of labor from New York to Chicago. Meanwhile his own young, loyal, hopeful society at Harlem in the City of New York is using all its legitimate means to hold him there. We will not venture to enter into the contest or pretend to say which field needs him most. Alas! the need is so dire at both ends of the line. The work is great in both fields. Perhaps New York is as needy a field as Chicago; but Chicago, we believe, is a more trusting field than New York,—that the same amount of prophecy invested will bring larger crops of realization. But this belief of course is affected by the personal equation. Alas, that the contest should be so freighted with responsibility that men like Mr. Wright, with clear heads, warm hearts, combining devoutness with courage, linked to the past but looking toward the future, should be so rare. Whatever Mr. Wright's decision may be in this delicate and painful crisis in his life, our sympathy and love will go out to him, and our fellowship will go out to the two societies in their great necessity. Let there be more such men, that these contests may be less momentous.

CHICAGO has had its Derby day; it is quite English, you know; a great parade of elegant turnouts. Society has been on exhibition, and has gloried in its handsome horses, elegant equipages and unique costumes. It has added spice to the pleasant weather, the fine exhibition and the legitimate joy of seeing highly developed and nobly handled horses,—the spice of a little gambling excitement. The usual bets of hats and gloves, parasols and a few dollars, did make the day brilliant with small talk, and society went home thinking it had had an innocent and an elegant time of it; its morals not much interfered with, its standards still high and its conscience clear. But under the shadow of this gay amusement there lurks in the hearts of hundreds of silly women an uncomfortable jealousy, a small unhappiness because they, too, could not have had it. And in hundreds of lives, many of them young men struggling for a position and struggling to maintain a family, there lies the sad bitterness of money lost, oftentimes not their own, a feverish chagrin

over what has happened and a restless itching to try it again to recover. The unexpected horse took the laurel, and in that way carried out of reach thousands upon thousands of dollars hard earned and much needed. The Chicago Derby, like the rest of them, has proved to be a gigantic iniquity, a tremendously demoralizing influence, all the more so because Washington Park is in the hands of the gilt-edged and silk-stockinged gentlemen who live on the boulevards and the avenues, who go to churches and consider themselves quite respectable; and still they have violated most egregiously the demand of the moral law which calls upon the strong to protect the weak. They have put a snare in the way of their brother, a stumbling block on the road over which the unwary must travel. Shame! oh, shame upon this most damnable iniquity because it is so subtle and so treacherous!

Lawless Violence—Our National Disgrace.

The humiliation we feel as Americans at the rebuke administered to us in the resolutions contained in the letter from the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, is very keen, the more so because we know how just it is. It is greatly to be regretted that the pride and high spirit of the best of our people in the South and West had not put a stop to this reproach upon our civilization before it had gone so far as to subject us to the shame of having the civilized world express its indignant protest.

We protest against the arbitrary lawlessness of the Czar and his cruelty toward the Jews. But Russia is a despotism on the confines of civilization, and its whole history makes it almost impossible that it should have attained the enlightenment and freedom of the rest of Europe and of the European settlements in America and Australasia. Yet now we must face the fact that here at home we are permitting lawlessness and inhumanity that would disgrace Africa or the South Sea Islands. We call upon our brother citizens to put down this terrible evil, to do away with this disgrace. We do not mean by this to incite the press and public of those parts of America where this evil does not show itself, to pour out denunciations upon those of their brethren who live where it is common. We believe that such a course would only arouse ill will and mutual recriminations, in the excitement of which the evil we complain of would flourish as of yore. Such a course, we fear, would but serve to make offenders stubborn and perhaps add fuel to the flame we would extinguish. But we appeal to the public spirit of the good citizens and of the press in the districts in which these outrages occur—whether it be in the Michigan pineries or the wild-cat region of Tennessee, whether it be in Georgia, New Jersey or Louisiana—to make it their business to crush this terrible evil which brings disgrace upon them, their state and their nation in the eyes of all unprejudiced people throughout the civilized world.

We hope that our critics are misinformed

as to lynching being on the *increase* here—and yet if it be diminishing how horrible to think what it must have been some years back! But whether or not it be diminishing, the present annual list of lawless hangings and burnings is too shameful to dwell upon. Brethren, you can change this if you will. How long shall this blot remain upon our honor?

F. W. S.

Contributed and Selected

Minot J. Savage.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Thy name is oft upon our lips to praise,
Tho' feared at first its startling trumpet tone,
For churchmen trembled lest the sin were shown
Of clinging to dead idols which they raise
And worship still as true with sainted gaze;
They prayed that thou wouldst let their creeds alone,
And be in this live world a moss-grown stone,
Nor dare to glorify the present days!
Full well we recognize the worth of heart

That persevered man's want to meet and teach,
Most thankful for the truths thou dost impart,
The girding strength and comfort thou dost preach;
High chivalry and fire of martyr bold,
In thee, reformer brave, our eyes behold!

How grows the world apace in thought of things!
Awhile ago thy message all seemed new,
Grand revelation to the favored few,—
And now from bell of many a church it rings,
And with it evermore fresh tiding brings,
Of larger duties that its spirit drew;
But yet, our friend, we still have need of you,
The earth delights to welcome so its Springs!
Thy record gives us faith to trust thy word
In regions where our feet have seldom trod;
Thy rich discoveries our souls have stirred
To hold as ours the Universe of God;
O brother, we rejoice for victories won
By life that shines like Summer's generous sun!

Unity Clubs.*

BY REV. GEORGE W. COOKE.

I have been asked to say something about the work of the Unity Club Bureau, and its relations to the clubs throughout the country. It was organized for the purpose of facilitating co-operation between the clubs, and to aid in making their work more efficient. It has not accomplished what it ought to have done in these directions, because there has been a feeling on the part of many clubs that it was not needed, and that it was not worth while to contribute to its support because it could not render any immediate help to this or that individual club.

It is true, however, that nearly every club has come in some way to seek its aid. Even those clubs which most persistently ask what help it can be to them, find it convenient sooner or later to take advantage of its work. The help it has to confer is simply and solely one of mutual advantage. Its object is to facilitate communication between the clubs, to give to each individual club a knowledge of what all other clubs are doing, and to strengthen the whole club movement, and especially in those churches where there are not workers capable of planning the best work.

It needs—perhaps—to be said that the bureau has no purpose whatever of dictating any special line of work, nor has it any wish to muster all the clubs into one general system. It is not at all difficult for one who is watching what is going on in all the clubs to

*Written for the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

see that in many places work much better would be done if there were the moral and intellectual stimulus of a common plan, if the clubs were standing shoulder to shoulder in carrying forward some systematic work of a high order in which all could join. We may say what we will about individual activity, it remains true that there is a mighty power in combined effort. The bureau, however, has no wish to put a system upon the clubs or to compel them all to study some one topic in a way it prescribes.

The bureau has always held itself to be the servant of the clubs, and ready to do whatever was their bidding. Its usefulness would be much larger, without doubt, if the Unity Clubs were conducted on the Chautauqua plan, instead of on the go as-you-please method. Its active members have always been able clearly enough to see that the method of individual club programs, while having its limitations, has also its great merits. What may be called the Unity Club method brings the club work into closer touch with the needs of the people who form its membership. The tastes, interests and demands of clubs vary according to membership and locality; and it is not wise—probably—to interfere with what has come to be the established method of the clubs. At the same time, it is very easy to comprehend that this method fails to secure continuity of effort, permits of committees catering to the taste for entertainment, and in a considerable degree hinders any co-operative spirit arising between the scattered clubs.

Recognizing these advantages on the one side and these disadvantages on the other, the bureau has sought to do what it could to establish the Unity Club as a permanent feature of our Unitarian churches. Undoubtedly it has helped in some degree to give the clubs a recognized place. When the present secretary of the bureau was first elected to that position the clubs were being attacked on every hand. At the present time one rarely hears a word against them, partly because their work is better understood, and partly because it is seen that they serve a real purpose in our church life. It is evident, however, that there lurks about much of prejudice against the clubs. In some minds there is strongly established the conviction that a study class has no place in a church. One finds it difficult to understand how people who are constantly boasting of the intellectual and advanced character of Unitarianism can object to an institution of this kind, the one object of which is to bring the church into real and living relations with the intellectual life of the time.

The bureau has done something to break down the prejudice against the clubs—and it could do far more if the clubs saw the way to give it an active support. It is willing to take any course or do any work which will facilitate the club idea. It has no pet notions of its own, and no wish to dictate to anybody. Its secretary has the settled conviction that religion needs to be in harmony with the intellectual life of the time, and that it is the duty of every progressive church to face unflinchingly the problem of the hour. Churches have been too long alienated from the free life of the time, and have not dared to look squarely into the face of the very latest questions men are presenting. The Unity Club affords an opportunity for the church to say: "We will keep abreast of the time, and allow no one to say that we are afraid of any truth, however advanced or however radical."

To the secretary of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs it seems self-evident that, if the Unity Club is worth having in any church, it is worth having in all churches,

and that it is worth while that the idea and the method should be pushed forward until the best possible results can be secured. He is not able fully to appreciate the attitude which makes the club object to doing anything for the bureau because it cannot pay back its donation with interest the first year. It seems to him a narrow and selfish attitude which makes any body of people unwilling to co-operate with others for the general good. Why should not the club in Metropolisville let its light shine, if it has a good thing, and even be ready to give something in order that a club may be established in Cranberry Centre? That is the only way in which good things get abroad—because somebody believes enough in them to push them. If every club would pay into the treasury of the bureau one dollar annually, it could do a great deal of helpful work for the clubs. It could carry out Mr. Gannett's suggestion that it publish monthly or oftener outlines of study to be sent free to all the clubs. It could carry out Mr. Dillingham's suggestion that it publish a pamphlet giving lists of good plays of a character suitable to its uses, and outlines of such other entertainments as would be proper for church vestries. It could also undertake to publish a paper devoted to the work of the clubs, guilds, temperance society, Unitarian clubs and other similar organizations in our churches.

In the meantime the secretary is doing twice as much work as he gets pay for. Even the small sum which the bureau contributes to his salary does not come promptly or in full. At this moment the bureau needs \$35.00 in order to meet its expenses to the first of March of this year. Had every club sent its dollar the treasury would be in a good condition, and the paper would be started on the first of September. Meanwhile the secretary plods on as best he can.

Before this brief paper comes to a close, a word may be said for the club idea. In the twenty years since the first Unity Club movement began, there has been a large tendency developed in the churches of all denominations along the same lines. As one looks around him to what is going on in the religious world he may sometimes be led to wonder if other churches are not getting in advance of Unitarians in the adoption of progressive methods of church work. While Unitarians are objecting to Unity Clubs, in other churches clubs of the same kind are being pushed forward with energy and skill. Especially does the "Institutional Church" come into line here as one of great promise, and one that duplicates in nearly every particular the methods of the most successful Unity Clubs. The club does what this time greatly needs, broadens out the church to touch life on all sides. Why should the church shut itself up to using only one method or narrow itself to one particular function in the life of the community? When its methods are broad and human enough to inspire life in all its manifestations with moral and ideal purpose, then it will appeal to all people and have a hold upon them which will be deep and lasting. We need a church which can rise above speculative theology to the real interests of life, and which can at one and the same time devote itself to the worship of God and the service of man.

The Thought of God.

As a thinker man is necessarily limited by the bounds of sense and finite understanding; he can reason and judge only so far as experience guides him, for though fancy and the imagination may assist, they too take shape and color from the general understanding. Man thinks, believes and aspires

as he acts, up to his present stature, no further.

Nowhere is the relation between thought and experience shown more clearly than in men's religious notions, their ideas about God. From the lowest beginnings of his career man has held some sort of belief in a supreme power, a belief brought nearer and made more tangible by the various processes of symbolization and incarnation to which it has been subject all along the course of its development. As we note the progressive stages through which man's thought of God has passed, we shall see how closely it follows the line of his thought concerning his fellow-man. The divine ideal corresponds very closely to the human. "God made man in his own image," we are told; but the truth is that man is continually making God in his image, reconstructing his notions of the divine government according to his knowledge of moral government among men. When man was the red slayer of his brother, when bestial passion reigned and the law of physical force superseded every other, God was the embodiment of savage violence, strife and lust, like his worshiper. The residents of Mt. Olympus in the Grecian mythology were of the same sensual and crafty type as the men who paid oblations of worship and sacrifice to them; men and gods plotted against each other, duped or favored each other as self-interest demanded, and were about on one level in morals and intelligence.

We are learning in these latter days that all values are relative. I lately came across an extract accredited to Clement of Alexandria in which he speaks in childish and ignorant condemnation of that habit of human judgment on religious questions which we now know to be as naturally employed here as elsewhere: "Most men talk and judge of God from their own limited point of view, as if cockles and oysters were to reason out of their narrow shells, and the hedgehog out of his rolled-up self." But we live in an age that has gained a wider respect for the created world than Clement ever dreamed of. We admit the right of the oyster and hedgehog to reason, and we know that each must reason from its own limitations. Clement was not aware of it, but he too reasoned from his shell. There are many modern minds, of great professed liberality, that do the same. Thus, Professor Royce in his recent work on Modern Philosophy permits himself to speak of the "bad induction" of the savage mind that creates a god after its own nature and needs. But why bad? Such an induction could be bad only as it was imperfect, and what induction in that line is perfect? It is no more inherently bad than any other, while relatively it is as good as the best. The savage's conception of deity marks the sum of his powers of reflection up to date, and more cannot be said of the speculations of a Spencer or Kant. We who have progressed beyond the savage state may, as Professor Royce says, avoid his "ignorant multiplication." We have learned to substitute the thought of God for gods, though we may not claim too much for ourselves even here, since there are few polytheistic systems that do not include the monotheistic idea. The thought of the Most High, taken by itself, is too abstract and remote for the mind to deal with it first-hand, which approaches it rather by degrees, inventing a host of intermediary forms and agencies to assist this approach. In heathendom these intermediary powers take the form of gods and goddesses, in Christianity of a host of elevated saints and martyrs; besides these every great ethnic faith has its special

savior or prophet, miraculously born, whose mission is that of divinely-appointed intercessor between man and his Maker. In Christianity the crucified and risen Christ has almost usurped the place of God himself, in the popular worship, and in the Roman faith the Virgin comes near replacing both Father and Son. What a mass of exegetical volumes have been written in attempted description of the divine *attributes*; trying to get at the heart of the rose by counting the petals and bestowing on each a different name. The mind has so long acted through symbols in the study of religious truths that it does not trust itself and fears the loss of all faith and worship without these external aids.

There is a type of mind, both national and individual, that dwells in closer kinship with this thought of God than others. The dark-skinned Orientalist, dreamy, mystical, devout, presents this type on the larger or racial pattern. Here the religious life is mainly given up to acts of worship and pious meditation, where the soul rests in the immediate contemplation of, and attempt to realize God. The individual mind of this order is found in the mystics of all ages, in Christian pietists like Madame de Guyon and Maurice de Guerin, and in the emancipated but romantic intellectual vagaries of Amiel, who finds but one thing needful, "to possess God." James Martineau expresses the same thought when he says "Harmony with God is for the human soul the only peace, the only right, the only fair." We may feel the truth and beauty of this order of religious sentiment at the same time that we hesitate to accept the exact form of statement. We may agree with Amiel that but one thing is necessary, "to possess God," but we are at once seized with the desire to define the terms for ourselves. There is a way of "possessing God," of "living in harmony with God," that directly fosters a spirit of idleness and irresponsibility in the practical world. There is a piety that means little more than indolence and selfishness, an absorption in things heavenly that is converted into an easy excuse for the neglect of earthly and human claims. When Mr. Martineau tells us that "harmony with God is for the human soul the only peace," we may assent; but are at the same time mindful of many souls, that, for rejection of the prevailing conceptions of God, have been stigmatized and in many cases reaped death for their alleged "godlessness." Many a man and woman is living this "life in God" which Mr. Martineau praises, who has never once thought about it in those terms, who has never aimed at anything so high, being simply content, with Ben Adhem, to live a life of daily usefulness among their fellow men. As happiness comes by the way and is lost if we pursue it too directly, so is it with our consciousness of God, all human apprehension of the divine; which comes not as actual consciousness, but in a thousand fleeting shapes and disguises, such as Browning makes Bishop Blougram describe:

"A sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripedes."

Religious distrust and disheartenment are often engendered from the fact that no mind can dwell continually in the presence of a single idea, however lofty and inspiring. This God consciousness fades away from even the most fervent and pious minds from time to time because they are not strong enough to support it continually. Lovers reproach themselves after the first period of happy recognition and acknowledgement is passed, when they find their thoughts turning back into old, commonplace channels;

and the religionist is apt to think that loss of certain feelings is loss of the cause of such feelings. But though love and religion have their ebb and flow tides, the cause of each, like the waters of the restless but constant sea, remains the same. Our moods of doubt and negation bring their own peculiar testimony. "It must be because God is always with us that we sometimes imagine He is nowhere to be found," said Dr. Momerie at the Parliament of Religion.

The thought of God has undergone development on two lines, that which discloses an increasing moral breadth and sweetness, by which the conception of God as love is reached in contradistinction to a God of mere power and arbitrary will, and that other conception derived from the modern thought of law, its universality and its immutability. In discarding old ideals and beliefs for new ones on this subject, man has been actuated by a double need in his own nature, affectional and logical. Heart and brain alike refuse to accept the old notions, and unite in a demand for an ideal that shall appeal to all that is best in its worshiper. Reason and conscience must find equal support in the new thought of God, which science and a growing sentiment of humanity are evolving. In these later times, as in the earlier, we may see how this thought of God still continues to shape itself upon human standards, following the course of a progressing humanity. As sentiments of human love and brotherhood replace those of human tyranny and greed, so our thought of the divine life and nature grows larger and nearer; while the worship we pay to it grows both sweeter and more rational. As man grows more upright in mental and moral stature, he learns how little God needs the old slavish worship of fear and superstition, how true homage and respect are best rendered here as elsewhere in the full development and free exercises of all manly faculties.—*Mrs. C. P. Woolley in The Reform Advocate.*

Unity Services and Songs.*

BY MISS MARY L. LORD.

After having been used in our Sunday-schools for about twelve years, it was deemed advisable by the Board of Directors of the Sunday-school Society to print a revised edition of "Unity Services and Songs."

This was thought wise, not because the book was at all inadequate to the demands of the Sunday-school nor yet because it fell below in any essential the high standard of worship we would maintain for our children, but, rather, because it *did* answer so well to the need for a book of worship in our schools, and, having for its aim such a lofty and pure ideal of religious services, it seemed but just to make, if possible, the realization of that ideal more perfect. Also it was Mr. Blake's plan from the first to add one more service and to greatly increase the collection of songs.

The revision of the book has been made by Mr. Blake with such help as he has called to his side.

Some changes will be made in the appearance of the book. Its typography will be greatly improved and every effort will be made to enhance the value of the book to the eye.

As I have said, the book was felt to be adequate to its purpose, so no material change has been made in the plan and substance of the services.

Here and there a passage has been stricken

*Written for the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

out, which, by the test of time and of repetition, Sunday by Sunday, has been proven empty of meaning or too partial, lacking the universality of natural religion, or was, mayhap, too argumentative—scriptural language being language of affirmation.

Most of the changes made have been changes in form. The effort has been to weed out the commonplace expression and to convey the thought in high scriptural language.

The responses have been re-arranged whenever it was felt that the old division was formal or artificial, and the response of the congregation has been made a natural one to the words of the leader.

The word "Sunday-school" is to disappear from the title page, and as much as possible all suggestion of Sunday-school and superintendent from the pages of the book. This will not detract from the value of the book for use in the school, and will increase its usefulness as a Church Service Book, the book being largely used now in small societies for church worship, and it seems wise to adapt it to either use.

Some have asked: Why not more services; double, treble the number? To this I reply that the book is not one of *entertainment* but of *worship*. Not a form of worship brought down to a *childish* mind, but a form which will lift up and strengthen the *child mind*. A worship which will answer to the growing sense of mystery and knowledge of the Divine as the child of the Sunday-school grows into the man or woman of the church.

Holy thoughts and lofty diction are necessary to an element of worship. The great thoughts are *few*, and human tongues are at best but stammering when they try to utter these thoughts.

But we are *sure* of the great thoughts, and though only *human* utterances are ours, still, if the theme be noble enough, the value of reiteration is such that it creates an atmosphere where reverence broods and hallowed association becomes a factor in the spiritual life of the child.

Services for special occasions have been asked for. But would we bring anything into the worship of our Sunday-school not of *universal* interest? Surely we have in "Unity Festivals" all the great occasions of special rejoicing: The bounty of the earth—in the services of Flowers and of the Harvest. The great events of life—birth, in the Christmas festival; death, with the thought of life continued, in the Easter festival.

To obtain the full value of these Unity Services two principles must be observed. First, their use must be invariable and constant. Secondly, their intellectual value must be kept continually in mind.

I said the use of them must be invariable and constant. Invariable, because each service is constructed as a unit. It is homogeneous from the opening words of the superintendent to the benediction, and to break in upon this continuity with a digression is to mar that which is perfect; to mutilate by omission is to render incomplete what otherwise is a harmony of deep reverence.

The use must be constant since the value of repetition is one of the principles of construction in the book. The aim of the book is not attained unless it be used Sunday after Sunday without interruption.

In the preface to the first edition of the work the intellectual value is spoken of thus: "We urge on superintendents and teachers to make the intellectual side of these services valuable: continually explain passages to the children and enforce the thoughts." This, I fear, is one of the uses of the book often overlooked, and the book suffers at the

hands of the superintendent who uses it without this intellectual application.

Sunday by Sunday, the little talk to the children by the leader of the school should be based upon the thought in the service just read; a special passage taken for exegesis and a little sermon preached to the children with this passage for a text. In this way the great scriptural words become familiar to the children and the meaning is made clear to them. The children will listen attentively to this talk, and the next time that service is used by them, they will have a special recollection of this passage or that, which will carry with it an added force and meaning. So stirring in language, so full of meaning and so universal in thought is each service that the superintendent has but to choose wisely each Sunday from the many themes that present themselves.

I speak of this with our own Sunday school in mind. During ten years Mr. Blake has not varied five times from this custom of using the words of the service as the text for his talk to the children.

I can bear my own testimony and the testimony of all connected with our school, both old and young, to the value of this practice. The children (and older people, too) have a continuous education in the interpretation of the words of the great seers in religion. They have become used to high thinking, and for at least five minutes a week have lived with a great thought. They have learned that the aspect of the great spiritual truths of the universe is the same whether looked at from the east or the west; with the eyes of Confucius or Jesus, Buddha or Zoroaster.

We have used these services for ten years in the Third Church, Chicago, and what I have said of them comes from my own experience with them; and to my own testimony I can add that of all connected with the Third Church Sunday-school and also that of many from other churches, out of whose experience has grown the same love for "Unity Services and Songs."

After ten years of constant use of these thirteen services, not one of them but is as fresh and life giving now as when it was first read amongst us. When the superintendent announces the service we will use on any Sunday, never once does the feeling come—I am tired of that! Why can't we have something new?

They are always new, as the day is newborn each morning. They never pall, having a spring of perennial life in the unseen things which are Eternal.

In the old myth, Apollo does not show his divine origin until fed upon the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Then, at once, he springs into full glory and declares his mission of proclaiming the laws of Jupiter to men. So if we would have our children fulfill their divine mission—to bear witness to the truth and work the works of Him that sent them—we must give them the spiritual food which is their birthright; and though it is high and we cannot attain unto it, still "the eyes of the Lord are on his children, to write on their hearts, that they may know him, from the least even unto the greatest."

Prudence is one of the virtues that naturally go with age, but sometimes it is developed early.

"Tommy," said a thoughtful mother, "your uncle William will be here to dinner today, and you must wash your face."

"Yes, ma," said the thrifty Thomas; "but s'posen he don't come. What then?"

Church-Door Pulpit

The Gospel of June.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, OF ANN ARBOR,
MICH.

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Now, if ever, come perfect days;

* * * *

Now the heart is so full that a drop o'er fills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;

* * * *

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living."

June is easily the queen of months. We expect queens to be arrayed royally. This queen does not disappoint us in this respect. It is only speaking what is far below the reality to say, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed with such beauty and splendor as is this queenly presence.

When beautiful and distinguished women appear before the public it is common for reporters to lavish great care and pains upon a description of their attire. The good taste and propriety of this may be doubted, inasmuch as it seems to exalt the dress above the person. It seems to say to the public that the thing of first importance about these women is not their womanhood, not their worth or attainments, not their knowledge or wisdom, not their achievements in literature or education or art or philanthropy or religion, but the fine clothing which they have paid some fashionable dressmaker to array them in.

We have no such feeling when June comes. We cannot dishonor this queen by studying too carefully her attire, for it is a part of herself. Her costly garments and adornments are so truly her own, so removed from everything that can even suggest the inanities of fashion or the tailor's art; lovely with a loveliness that springs so deeply from her own nature, and glorious with a beauty that is so truly of her own spirit, that to describe these is only to describe the beautiful queen herself. For June and June skies are one. June and June meadows are one. June and all that fullness of life in forest and field and garden which makes this the "high-tide of the year" cannot be separated. All these beauties and glories of nature are only the forms in which this queen of the months incarnates herself, that men may perceive her presence and love her.

Let us, then, ask with some carefulness, what are the leading characteristics of June—those characteristics, I mean, which distinguish her from her sister months? And especially, what is the *spirit* of June? It is by studying these that we shall be able to discover that gospel which lies hidden in her heart, even as God is hidden in his works and worlds.

June is set in the middle of the year as in a sense the year's high noon. Not of course its noon of productiveness, for this we must pass on to the harvest months; but clearly the year's noon as to charm to the eye and the ear. Somebody has called June the "Elizabethan period" of the year. Certainly it is the time when the manifestation of life in nature is at its height. In beauty and loveliness all the months that precede but lead up to it, while all that follow look back to it with a sigh, as the incomparable month. Not but that other months as well as June are lovely. May has charms all its own. So has October. But the loveliness of May compares with that of June much as the music of single violins or flutes compares with the music of a full orchestra; and all the loveliness of October is like music through which runs a minor strain. June is only one of the

three summer months. But it is the month of the young summer, with the bloom of spring still lingering upon it, and the promise of fuller fruitions ahead,—spring's fickleness and limitations gone, and summer's heats not come.

It is hard to think of June as other than nature's bridal month. When we read the old myth of Heaven being enamored with Earth because she was so lovely, wooing her, and being united with her as his bride, we are compelled to think of it all as occurring in June. No wonder that mortals have so often followed this example, in a month when all the unseen fingers of nature are busy weaving bridal wreaths, and every garden is beautiful enough for a bridal bower.

June is the month which reveals most strikingly of any, perhaps, the glory of the sun and the splendor of the day. The Psalmist's picture of the glorious day-bringer, "coming forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," I have always felt to be essentially a June picture—a picture of this month when days are longest, when the sun appears earliest and remains with us latest, and when the wonders of his life-giving power seem more marvelous than in any other part of the year.

If God had given us all the glory of June with only short days like those of December to see it in, that would have been all we could ask; but he has surpassed all that by giving us the June glory and also the long June days for seeing and enjoying it all. Thus is fulfilled the word of the devout soul who wrote: "Oh, Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters. They come trooping upon us."

June is the month when our zone wears its freshest and richest verdure. During the latter part of May, blossoms, swelling buds, and half formed leaves unite to give the woods, thickets and orchards prevailing tints of yellow, pink and light purple. But with the coming in of June these deepen into greens,—but, for two weeks, greens rich, delicate and varied almost beyond conception. He who has never studied the almost endless variety, the exquisite delicacy, in many cases the brilliancy, as if they had been waxed or varnished, of these greens of our foliage at the beginning of June, has missed one of the richest sights that our changing seasons present. But as the month advances, the delicacy and variety of the coloring disappear, and by July we have everywhere a darker green, and a comparative uniformity, which greatly lessens the beauty of our landscapes. But views obtained early in June from high elevations—roofs of tall buildings, towers or hills, high enough to give one a large range of vision, and to enable one to look down upon woods, groves and orchards as well as fields—are sights to be remembered for a life-time.

All this June loveliness of the woods makes it almost easy at this season of the year to believe that the old Greeks were right in peopling their forests and groves with satyrs, nymphs and dryads; and to dream that our modern tales of fairyland, which we tell to our eager-eyed children as they sit on our knees in the summer twilight, may after all be more than an illusion.

June is the month when the work of the farm and the garden has most zest: for the life of nature is throbbing and pulsing everywhere. The fruit is forming in the orchard. In the fields the corn is shooting upward; the wheat is heading and ripening; the grass is getting ready for the scythe or mowing machine. In the garden, vegetables and flowers are almost leaping from the ground. How intense is the delight of seeing all this. True, the time is one of hard labor, for the

June 28, 1894.

swiftly flying days will not wait, and weeds grow as fast as crops. Yet it is also a time of delight, for is not Nature's marvelous summer miracle, by which she feeds the world, going on under our eyes,—a miracle far more wonderful than those recorded of old, of turning a few jars of water into wine, or multiplying loaves by a Galilean sea? Pity the man or woman, and still more the child, who does not know what farm life is in glorious life-giving June!

June is the month of our earliest fruits. There is always particular interest attaching to earliest things. But when the first fruits that come in a season are so delicious as our cherries, and especially our strawberries—of which Henry Ward Beecher said, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than a strawberry, but it is certain that He never did,"—then it is no wonder that we prize the month that gives them to us.

June is the month when the milk-pail overflows; the month of rich and abundant cream; the month of the most exquisitely delicious of yellow butter,—nature's sweet gold.

June is the month of the richest and rarest odors. I will not attempt to describe them; indeed they cannot be described. Their range is well nigh as great as that of the month's sweet sounds and beautiful sights. No one who had lived long amid country environments in our latitude, who had learned carefully to observe, could fail to detect, by the odors in the air, the coming of June and her progress from day to day, even if he had been deprived of both sight and hearing.

June is the month when bird life around us is most abundant and interesting. True, in this latitude May and even April brings multitudes of feathered songsters to us, and gives us much of the most exquisite bird music that our seasons know. Yet some of our finest birds do not arrive much before June, and taken all in all June is beyond question our month richest in bird life and bird minstrelsy. This is the month in which, look wherever you will, in garden-shrub or hedge, or tree-top, you can see Lowell's picture turned into reality:

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings—
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?"

Take all the season through, we, in this region, are indebted to no birds so much, it seems to me, as to our familiar and everywhere present robin and our modest song-sparrow. The plumage of these birds attracts little attention, and their songs are so common that, like other common things, we are likely to pass them by unobserved. But their notes are very sweet and true, and in variety surpassed by but few singers. Our robin is an entirely different bird from the English robin, and has not yet found so conspicuous a place in literature as the poets have given to its name sake across the sea, but it is a question whether the song of our redbreast is not the sweeter song, and whether ours is not in every way the more interesting bird. But if from all our birds I were called upon to select the one which seems to contribute most to our bird-minstrelsy the season through, it would have to be the humble song-sparrow, whose sweet, silvery, winsome voice is heard by the side of every road along which we drive, and in every field through which we walk, and all the season, from early spring to autumn, and singing with a sweet variety that never tires—giving us in all, close observers tell us,

not fewer than seven different and distinct songs.

Doubtless the most brilliant of our bird singers is the bobolink.

"Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine."

June is pre-eminently the month of the bobolink. Later in the season his colors grow less bright, his fine voice and his gayety depart, and he steals away to the South a very different bird from the proud and brilliant songster of our June meadows. June is pre-eminently, too, the month of the oriole, the thrushes, the meadow-lark and many others of the sweetest singers of our gardens, fields and woods.

Moreover June is pre-eminently the nesting month of birds. And how much does that mean of almost human interest! For then the birds around us become not simply birds, but little fathers and mothers; and the nests that hide in grass tuft and rose bush and apple tree become not simply nests, but sweet little homes, where housekeeping is set up by young pairs, and love answers to love, and tender babes are born, and children are trained and reared and provided for, and parents plan together, oh so earnestly, how they may guard their dear ones from danger, and manifest a constancy, a solicitude, a fidelity and a depth of affection, that appeal straight to every human heart that is not stone. Oh, the charm and the sacredness of the nesting time of the birds in June! Who can think of it without having his nature made tenderer and deeper! How it opens our eyes to see the beauty of love and constancy, and unselfishness in our own human homes! Yes, and what lessons does it teach, too, of the care of Him who has not only taught the birds that marvelous wisdom by which they build their nests, but has dowered their hearts with all this wealth of parental solicitude and affection!

But amid all the wealth of June, nothing is more beautiful or glorious than her flowers. June is the month when the wave of flower-beauty, sweeping up from the south, reaches its highest crest, and breaks in rarest rainbow hues of color over all our northern land. June is the month of the opening glory of the lilies—the fair wild meadow lilies, the more aristocratic garden lilies, the glorious water lilies!

To the botanist June is the month of orchids, and of half a hundred other rare flowers that hide bashfully away like nymphs and fairies from the eyes of common men. To the dweller in our eastern mountain regions, it is the month of the laurel, which as if by magic turns all these rocky hills and mountain sides to snow and fire. To lovers of the beautiful who live in farming regions, it is pre-eminently the month of clover fields. And truly, where on the earth is there a sight more fair than a field of blossoming clover? So, too, it is the month of the flowering of the grasses. To many, perhaps to most, this means little. But to those who have eyes to see the subtler beauties of nature, it means something very rich and wonderful. To the child it is the month of the daisy and the buttercup. Where is the man or woman into whose memories of childhood are not woven daisies and buttercups?

But above all else, and as the very climax of all that I can say of the loveliness and charm of this queen of the months, June is the month of roses. Oh, the sweetness and glory of the roses! I do not wonder that Luther was so enamored of the rose that he had its image cut on his seal. I do not won-

der at the Hindu legend that the rose, originally white, was stained red with the blood of the god Siva. I do not wonder that the Persians celebrate the season of roses with a festival, which is continued as long as the roses are in bloom.

Flowers of all kinds are precious gifts of heaven to men. Scientists tell us that there is not a petal among them all that the great Master Artist of the world, namely the Sun, has not painted with his own hand. Poets have called flowers the kisses of the sun upon the fair cheek of the earth, his bride. Other poets have dreamed that they are surviving fragments of vanished rainbows; other poets that they are many-colored stars that have fallen from the sky; others that they are bright creatures of some other world, that have wandered to our planet, and, charmed with what they found, have thrown away their wings, and taken up their permanent abode on our shores; others that they are God's smiles, and I confess I like this best; but whatever we may say of their origin or nature or of men's dreams about them, at least this is true, that they have found a very central place in human hearts. We choose them for wreaths for our bridal-altars because we know of nothing else so fair. We place them in the hands of our precious dead and plant them on their graves, because we know of no other so beautiful emblems of purity and hope and love.

Yes, and must we not see in them messages of kindness and good-will from the Powers that made them and gave them to men? We do not give beautiful and costly presents to those for whom we do not care. Could such precious gifts as the flowers have come from an unkind Giver, or one to whom our interests were not dear? I suppose it is true, as one of our poets has sung, that—

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all."

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Uprising day and night?

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

And so, gazing upon the flowers that grow around us today, as Jesus gazed upon those that smiled alongside his path nineteen centuries ago, we are invited to read in them the same lesson of trust in the Infinite Beneficence over all, that he taught to the world when he said: "Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow! They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. And will not He who clothes the lily much more care for you, His human children?"

And now, friends, you see what I mean by the Gospel of June. Without naming it I have tried to show it to you. The Gospel of June is just the spirit of June; and that means—it must mean—the Infinite Spirit of life and love that comes to *manifestation* and *repression* in the June glory. The June Gospel can be nothing less than the beauty, the hope, the fullness of life and love, from God, that breathe and pulse through all the veins of this loveliest month of His year. It is the message which the month has to speak to us, from him, through its buds and flowers, its meadows and skies, its beauty and loveliness, its abounding life.

Do you say this is vague? Do you ask me to be more specific? Yes, I will sum up all in a few words by saying:

First, the Gospel of June is the Gospel of

Nature. There is no true gospel that is not a gospel of Nature. To draw near to Nature is to draw near to God. To listen to Nature's teachings, through the wonderful world outside, and the still more wonderful world inside, is to hear the revelation that is eternal. Then distrust the artificial, the conventional, the man-made, the priest-made. Learn to listen to those original voices that speak direct from God through Nature without, and through your own soul within.

Second, the Gospel of June is the Gospel of Joy. There is no gladder month in all the year than June. The birds are glad; the streams sing; the skies are bright; the flowers smile. Why should we not rejoice? If we listen to the Gospel of June we shall, and believe it to be well-pleasing to God. When he makes Nature to rejoice, can he wish us to be gloomy? Only, let us remember that there can be no permanent gladness for ourselves unless we share it, and strive to make others glad, too. No smile can last that does not awaken on other faces an answering smile. We can enter no heaven of permanent happiness alone, either here or hereafter.

Third, the Gospel of June is the Gospel of Beauty. June surrounds us with its beauty; entrances us with its beauty, and thus draws us out of ourselves, and bears us away on wings of admiration and joy. Let us learn then to love beauty, and to be sure that in doing so we are learning to love the Divine; for one of the high and holy names of God is, the Beauty that is Infinite and Eternal. Foolish men have sometimes said, the ugly is best pleasing to God. This cannot be, for is he not best pleased with that which is most like Himself? Only one thing we need to guard in our love of beauty, and that is, that we be not content to have it shallow and superficial, stopping with the physical and the material, instead of pressing on into the intellectual, but especially into the moral and spiritual. The finest beauty of the world is the beautiful soul. We must be content with no goal for our admiration and our striving, lower than that—the beauty of perfect character.

Fourth, the Gospel of June is the Gospel of Love. Where is there room in June for hate, or anything that breathes not the spirit of love? Look into a million bird's nests, and tell me is not love the meaning of them all? Look into the great Heart of the Universe, and tell me, is not love the meaning there, too? Else whence comes the love that glorifies the bird's nests? not to say that which stirs in your heart and mine? Can something arise from nothing? Can love come from a source in which love is not? No, Philosophy's as well as Faith's highest word is: "Love is the root of creation—God's essence. Worlds without number lie in His bosom like children." Nothing less high than that, is the message that June has for man.

Finally, the Gospel of June is the Gospel of Life. What is the secret of June's surpassing beauty, charm, attractiveness? It is its abounding life. The year's life rises now to its flood-tide: hence all this beauty and glory. Man should learn a lesson here. What is his supreme want? Life. Said Jesus, "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."

"Tis life, O life, for which we pant—
"Tis life of which our nerves are scant,—
More life and fuller that we want."

More and fuller physical life, more and fuller intellectual life, and, better than all, more and fuller moral and spiritual life—this may well be the goal of all our human effort, the end of all our human striving.

Such, then, as I hear and interpret it, is

the inspiring, the many-voiced Gospel of June. Oh, beautiful month! O month of God's most manifest presence in His world! draw us to thy heart; fill us with thy spirit; open our eyes and ears to thy revelations; teach us day by day, and evermore, thy divine Gospel of Joy and Beauty, of Love and Life.

The Home Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Behold, love is a ransom, and the tears thereof are prayers.

Mon.—No man can know God, unless he first understands himself.

Tues.—God is able to say many things in one, as the perfect ovary contains many seeds in its chalice.

Wed.—The perfect man saves himself and saves others by his righteousness.

Thurs.—The feet of the saint are set in the way of the desert.

Fri.—Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire toward the highest.

Sat.—God never ceases giving of God to his creatures.—*Anna (Bonus), Kingsford, M. D.*

Heaven.

How far from here to heaven?

* * * *

Know heaven is in thee:

Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?

His face thou'l never see.

Go out, God will go in;

Die thou, and let Him live;

Be not, and He will be;

Wait, and He'll all things give.

I don't believe in death;

If hour by hour I die,

'Tis hour by hour to gain

A better life thereby.

Angelus Silesius, A. D. 1620.

Vacation Hours on the Farm.

BY LOUISE NYDEGGER.

Wouldn't I have liked to go to Europe or to the sea shore or to the Rocky Mountains to spend my vacation? Indeed I would, but that was quite impossible for me, you know. Still, I shall enjoy the summer just as well as if I had gone to either of these places and perhaps a great deal more than some people who are actually there. Don't you think, too, that our happiness depends a good deal more upon what is within us than upon that which is around us?

Now I am here, on a farm on the prairie of central Illinois. A very common and prosaic place, you say? Well, your senses must perceive things differently from the way in which mine do. I fairly revel amid poetry and beauty and grandeur.

Suppose it is in the afternoon and you are taking a walk with me. Before we start I take in a satchel a few choice books or some note-books with favorite passages that I have gathered during the year. We stroll leisurely through the fields, once in a while we stop and look around us. There you see the horizon with its line of beauty unbroken by houses. You are alone with Nature—don't you draw a deep breath in that freedom?

Everywhere you see Nature, life and fruit-bearing. You see the great storehouses whence you draw your life-substance—you also see the final receptacle of your own atoms. Tell me, when you are in the city, amidst long rows of houses between which you only catch a glimpse of the sky, do you ever realize your kinship with Nature as you

do out here? Do you get an idea of her mysterious and never aimless workings? Could mountains, oceans and European countries inspire in me a deeper love of Nature than these wide, fertile, sunny fields, these fine, tall trees and that infinite blue sky above them? If these gave me no joy, could the former do it? If I find enjoyment here, why should I wish to be where I cannot be?

Do you see that group of tall trees yonder? Well, that is where we are going now. There I throw myself upon the soft, luxuriant grass with my books beside me. By and by I pick them up and look through them until I find a passage that just suits my mood. I read a little, then I let my eyes wander into the far, far dreamy distance, while the thoughts just read still linger in the mind. You know, there is nothing to obstruct the view except the horizon, and when I look long, it grows wider and still wider, until in fancy I am floating away out in the infinite blue space. It is so still, so lonely all around, that I am not called back to reality until I come of my own free will. Now the author's words have kindled my own thoughts and fancy into action, I no longer look on the book, it drops from my lap and I give myself up to my own thinking, intermingled with dreams, hopes and vague longings.

At last, I stretch myself upon the grass and look up at the sky through the interlacing leaves and branches. Then it seems to me that I am in a living cathedral of vast dimensions. I see above me a dome of the most delicate blue tints and under it are floating figures of a fleecy, airy substance, as fairy marble might be supposed to look. Farther below is a lovely lace work of green, through which the blue dome with its white figures gleams with a new charm. Everything within is bathed in the splendor of a golden light. But this cathedral is not stiff and staid like those built by human hands. The frescoes and the figures sway with a gentle motion that fills the surrounding space with melodies. There are soft strains like whispered harmonies, then there are louder currents which again almost die into stillness. In lying there, an exquisite sense of peace and admiration pervades my whole being. It seems to me the Invisible Spirit of Nature is manifested all around and above me, in the delicate little blades of grass that tremble in the breeze as well as in the infinitudes of space that my wandering eye beholds. Then my soul swells with exultation at having received the throbbing life within me by means of which I see and feel and think the inexpressible grandeur of the universe.

By and by the shadows deepen. I gather up my books and walk homeward in the evening twilight. The large shepherd dog comes to meet me. The farmer and his wife are on the porch, greeting me with cheery words that bring me back to reality. Such an idealist has need to be brought back to reality, you say? Well, but remember that the power to see beauty and grandeur where others seek it not is often a whole compensation for much that is denied us.

A servant girl was brought to a hospital suffering from the effects of an overdose of poison. When questioned as to her motive for taking it, she replied:

"I wasn't feeling well, and I went to the mistress's medicine chest. The bottle was marked, 'Three drops for an infant, six for an adult, and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant, I wasn't sure about an adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and I took a spoonful."

UNITY

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EDITOR, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
ASS'T EDITOR, FREDERIC W. SANDERS.

Editorial Contributors:

FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF. M. M. MANGASARIAN.
WILLIAM C. GANNETT. SIDNEY H. MORSE.
ALLEN W. GOULD. MINOT J. SAVAGE.
HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. HENRY M. SIMMONS.
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FRDFRICK L. HOSMER. HIRAN W. THOMAS.
ELLEN T. LEONARD. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.
HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

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Notes from the field

Chicago.

UNITY CHURCH has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, of the Lenox Avenue Unitarian church in New York City, who occupied the pulpit of Unity Church the Sunday following his address at the Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

ALL SOUL'S CHURCH. Although the pastor will be absent during the months of July and August, and the first Sunday of September, the church will as usual be kept open for Sunday morning services, which will be conducted by members and friends of the congregation. The speakers and subjects will be mentioned each week in the announcement column of **UNITY**.

Next year the philosophy section of Unity Club will take up psychology, using Professor James's one-volume "Psychology" as a guide book. The novel section will study Thackeray's "Henry Esmond;" the Lowell section will continue the early history of the old Northwest, concerning itself with the establishment, traditions and history of the early traders and trading posts. The Browning and Emerson sections will continue the study of those authors.

The summer bulletin gives the summer reading list suggested in connection with this work, and the addresses of the managers, to whom application should be made for further information; it also gives the list of subjects and speakers for the Sunday morning services during the summer.

New York City.

From advices from New York City it seems improbable that Unity Church will secure Mr. Wright for its pastor. We have never known of a more vigorous, determined and unanimous uprising that has occurred in his church at Harlem in consequence of the suggestion that he might be induced to leave them. If

in the past his society has been a little disposed to lie back at its ease in the delightful consciousness that it had at its head the best minister in the country, whose ability and devotion were sufficient to make the church a great power for good in the city without the least effort on the part of its members, they seem now at any rate fully awakened to their own duty and the greatness of their opportunity. At a meeting held June 14, the board of trustees presented a strong and enthusiastic report to the society, expressing the greatest appreciation of Mr. Wright's qualities as pastor and leader of men, stating that he had received a call to Chicago, and expressing their purpose to do everything possible to keep him. The report was unanimously adopted and a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressing the wishes of the society. A petition from all the teachers and officers of the Sunday-school who were in the city, and others from the Ladies' Aid Society, the Branch Alliance, the King's Daughters, the Unity Gymnasium Association, the Young Ladies' Auxiliary Gymnasium Association, the Gymnasium Literary Association, the Choral Club, the Children's Saturday Gymnasium Class, the Parent's Society, and the Young Men's Bible Class were presented. Strong resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the remarks called out exhibited a most enthusiastic admiration and appreciation of their pastor, and a determination to do all in their power to help him if permitted to continue to have him for leader. In the interest of Unity Church and of Chicago, we would urge that a society so well organized and so unanimous shows that it is capable of great usefulness even without the leader who has brought them to this condition. **UNITY** paper will sympathize most sincerely with Unity Church if the determination of the New York society prevails with Mr. Wright, and he shall come to feel that his opportunity and duty are in New York rather than in Chicago.

London, England.

The congregation at Little Portland St. Chapel has passed a resolution of protest against our lynchings, similar to that passed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; and **UNITY** has been asked to make mention of the fact. We do so with a feeling of shame for our country.

The Sunday School

The Sunday-school Convention which was proposed for the first week in August, at Tower Hill, has been given up. It was found that most of the ministers had planned to use their vacation in other ways, and many of the teachers were also teachers in our public schools and preferred to take July and August for complete rest or visiting their homes.

But the usual Sunday-school Institute will be held at Tower Hill from Aug. 6 to Aug. 17. It will be conducted by Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, Montana, who is well known to the reading public by his work on "Jesus Brought Back," as well as by other publications. The subject of the Six Years' Course for the present summer will be The Growth of Christianity from the death of Paul to the beginning of the present century. It will be an interesting subject in itself and will be made doubly so by Mr. Crooker's treatment of it. Besides the morning hour in the institute there will be a lecture each evening, except Saturday, on some subject more or less connected with the Sunday-school topic. The full program will be published shortly in **UNITY**, and we hope that the teachers who are interested in this course and can take two weeks of August for study, will come to

Tower Hill where beautiful scenery and inspiring thoughts can be found together.

Correspondence

Mr. Nagarkar's Farewell Words.

My dear **UNITY**: Permit me to address through your columns a few words of farewell to the many ministers, members, and friends of liberal religious organizations in the west and north-west of the United States, among whom I have so lovingly worked during the last more than ten months. Ten long months have glided by since I came to this country to attend the Parliament of Religions with a view to place before that august body the universal principles of the Brahmo Somaj—or the Church of Universal Theism. Since the close of the Parliament, at the suggestion of a few friends, I have traveled very extensively in the Central and Western States of America, preaching and lecturing on the gospel of liberal religious thought. I have spoken in most of the large cities, several of which I was invited to visit more than once. I state it with the highest sense of gratification and gratitude, that wherever I have spoken people have received me kindly and hospitably and evinced something more than mere passing interest. To several I feel specially drawn and affectionately attached. Thus many an acquaintance has been developed into a permanent fellowship. It is not possible for me to forget these loving attachments. I cannot leave the shores of the United States without saying a word of farewell to my numerous friends in this country.

I have traveled far and wide, in the coldest parts of the country and during the coldest part of the year; and yet everywhere you, my brethren and sisters, have surrounded me with every home-comfort—my own kith and kin could have done nothing more! A stranger in a strange land, you bestowed upon me such personal care and attention as made me forget that I was away from home! It was this extreme personal attention that made it possible for me so long to stay away from my home and home-ties. But in not a few cases this sense of personal relationship has become a fact of permanent fellowship founded on common ideals and aspirations of the soul. We have not only lived together and dined together, but we have lovingly talked together, earnestly conversed together, fervently prayed together, and faithfully and hopefully knelt together in the presence of the Supreme Presence. In all this we have learnt to realize the unity of spiritual life—Unity of God and the unity of man. This to me has been

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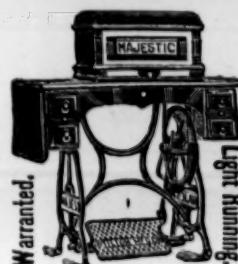
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a sweet experience—so elevating and uplifting because it came upon me so unexpectedly. At the end of this ten months' sojourn in this country, the ideas of universal brotherhood and universal fellowship are to me far more real than they had been ever before! My heart has been broadened, my sympathies deepened and the range of my spiritual vision greatly widened. I go from your country as an ardent admirer of its new social and political ideals. I have been profoundly impressed with the ideas of religious liberty and tolerance, co-operation and organization, that you are so faithfully laboring to foster in the New World. If Providence should so will it, I may vindicate my sense of admiration by paying you a second visit. All this is in the womb of uncertainty. But whether or not we meet again here and in this body, I have full faith and trust that we shall assuredly meet hereafter where there will be no parting.

The tender experiences that I have realized during the many hours of loving intercourse with you, my American brothers and sisters, I shall ever cherish with peculiar delight. I came to your country as an utter stranger and I go from here leaving behind me a wide circle of friends whom I have learnt to love. It is natural that at the end of this long separation from my family, I should be eager and anxious to return home. Great as this anxiety and intense as this eagerness is, I leave the shores of the New World with my heart heavy with the thought of separation from these new associations. Here I am on the shores of the Atlantic ready to be carried across the ocean that separates the Old World from the New World: as I stand here my heart is heavy with the painful thought of the separation in the present but replete with the sure hope of being united in the future. Trust in the *future* and thus we shall be enabled to endure the *present*. With this thought I take your leave, dear friends; but not before beseeching you to remember me—remember me in your prayers and devotions. My dearly cherished brothers and sisters, farewell to you all—farewell and farewell! God be with you all!

Scattered to east and west and north,
Some with the faint heart, some the stout,
Each to the battle of life went forth,
And all alone we must fight it out.

We had been gathered from cot and grange,
From the moorland farm and the terraced
street,
Brought together by chances strange,
And knit together by friendship sweet.

Not in the sunshine, not in the rain,
Not in the night of the stars untold,
Shall we ever meet again,
Or be as we were in the days of old.

But as ships cross and more cheerily go,
Having changed tidings upon the sea,
So I am richer by you, I know,
And you are not poorer, I trust, by me.

I am greatly indebted to my friends Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Rev. A. W. Gould, of Chicago, and to Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Oakland, Cal., for the assistance and co-operation that they gave me in making engagements throughout my sojourn. I sail from New York on the 23d inst. by S. S. *Etruria*, and, after a brief stay in England, hope to be in Bombay, India, before the end of July. My address in Bombay shall be "Grant Road, Tardeo P. O., Bombay, India."

Fraternally yours,
B. NAGARKAR.
Boston, Mass., 3d June, 1894.

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Lynching.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, ESSEX HALL, LONDON, W. C.

30th May, 1894.

To the EDITOR:—I am directed to forward you the following resolution for insertion in your paper. It was passed at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, held in London on May 15th, 1894:—

That the great and steadily increasing frequency of *lynching* in the Southern States of America, mostly directed against colored people, often on mere suspicion, and in many cases with accompaniments of horrible barbarity, calls for the reprobation of the civilized world; and we therefore earnestly plead with the churches and all lovers of order and good government throughout the United States to raise such a protest of public opinion as shall make such outrages impossible, and secure for everyone accused of crime a proper trial in the courts of law.'

Hoping that you will be able to find a place for these words in your paper, I am faithfully yours,

W. COPELAND BOWIE,
Secretary.

THE official reports show that no baking powder received an award over the Royal at the Chicago World's Fair.

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Liberal Religious Congress.

A congregation, within the walls of a Jewish house of worship, of some of the leading representatives of the Independent, Universalist, Unitarian, Ethical Culture and Jewish modes of religious thought, is a sight well worthy of special mention. We observed it in San Francisco and more recently in the great White City. In both cases they are copies of the great prototype, the Congress at the World's Fair. They were none the less imposing and important because they were copies. In some respects they were superior to their original.

It was in aim and object, probably, that the last congress in Chicago was the superior. There are many notable intellectual lights who have not been able to dispel the thought that the Congress at the World's Fair was held as a means of making a background of all religions that the prevalent religion of this country might become the central figure, and that its beauties and perfections of grace might be held up for universal admiration. In this respect, if this were the intention of the prime movers in that great undertaking, the congress was a failure.

But with regard to the meeting recently held in Chicago, there can no such opinion be held. The beautiful feature about it was, that there prevailed a uniform desire on the part of each speaker not to laud his own faith, but rather, that the idea of "unity in essentials and liberty in non-essentials" should prevail. There seems to have been one common desire to display the fact that these representatives were animated by one common religion, and were striving to concentrate all force and energy on common causes. "It was not independence, but union," that was sought for. And this is an immense gain. The time has not yet come when those, with historic pasts, can sublimate the past into nothingness. The time has not yet come

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when men have so far developed an actual line of thought and action that shall make the past needless and useless. The form of religious unity has not yet been discovered when an international religion of high progressive tendency has been formulated. Until that time comes, sects will remain sects; nay, must do so, if they are to be useful in consummating their ideal.

In the meantime, such a congress as that just over, stands for one thing—a desire for combination, for co-operation of forces, working in the direction of a broader and fuller sense of humanitarian sympathy. The World's Fair Congress has been productive of much good, and was more than a World's Fair Parliament. It has produced this Liberal Congress. Liberalism deserves to be as well organized as orthodoxy. Free religion deserves to have as fine a working force as authorized religion. And it is a matter for congratulation that steps are being taken for the permanent formation of such religious societies that can work for and demand a recognition of the rights of those who regard no authority higher than conscience and the law of the land, the Supreme Courts, from whose decision no appeal can be taken.—*Lyceum Weekly, Phila.*

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(*Chicago Tribune.*)

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Biblical Research.

Mr. Flinders Petrie, who is at the head of the English excavations in Egypt, has made some remarkable discoveries at Koptos. He believes that the earliest civilized Egyptians entered Egypt by way of Koptos, and secured permission to excavate there. He has been wonderfully rewarded by finding prehistoric objects which precede the time of the first dynasty, and the historic remains of thirty-five kings extending from the fourth dynasty until 300 A. D. The prehistoric objects are in form of limestone statues of a god roughly made, with figures of a fetish pole decorated with a feather and garland and representations of the ostrich, elephant, etc. Pieces of pottery, statues of relief, found in the earliest part of the temple of the local god Min or Khem, go back to the time of the first and third dynasties and explain the rise of Egyptian art. A period of pottery thus found explains the peculiar conventions of the stone sculpture.

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beautiful. The leading pictures on the walls are weeping women, laborers working in metals, dancing figures and the like. This monument is one of the most beautiful that has ever been found in the land of the Pharaohs

The Mummy.

About three or four hundred years ago, the Egyptian mummy formed one of the ordinary drugs in apothecaries' shops. The trade in mummies was carried on chiefly by Jews, and as early as the twelfth century, a physician called El-Magar was in the habit of prescribing mummy to his patients. It was said to be good for bruises and wounds. After a time, for various reasons, the supply of genuine mummies ran short, and the Jews were obliged to manufacture them. They procured the bodies of all the criminals that were executed, and of people who had died in hospitals, Christians and others. They filled the bodies with bitumen and stuffed the limbs with the same substance; this done, they bound them up tightly and exposed them to the heat of the sun. By this means they made them look like old mummies. In the year 1564, a physician named Guy de la Fontaine made an attempt to see the stock of mummies of the chief merchant in mummies in Alexandria, and he discovered that they were made from the bodies of slaves and others who had died of the most loathsome diseases. The traffic in mummies as a drug was thus stopped.

Whether the art of mummifying was known to the aboriginal inhabitants of Egypt, or whether it was introduced by the newcomers from Asia, is a question which is very difficult to decide. It is certain that the Egyptians possessed at a remote period ample anatomical knowledge for mummifying a human body. The cost of embalming varied, according to the method pursued, from £250 to £60 or less.

The oldest mummy in the world, about the date of which there has been no dispute, is that of Seker-em-saf, son of Pepi I., B. C. 3200, which was found at Sakkarah in 1881, and is now in Gizeh.

Of all the mummies found, none has excited greater interest than that of Rameses II., because he is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Oppression and the father of the princess who found the child Moses in the bulrushes on the bank of the river. He reigned sixty-seven years. His mummy was found in 1881, by Maspero, at Deir-el-Bahari and identified in 1886.

Comments on the Congress.

Of the Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, the Non-Sectarian says: A significant feature of the congress was that Sinai Temple was selected as the place of meeting, and that racial as well as sectarian lines were utterly ignored. The vast auditorium with a seating capacity of twenty-three hundred was literally packed on the opening night—hundreds being obliged to stand and hundreds more unable to find admission. From start to finish there was enthusiasm and determination, a willing spirit of compromise, anxious to surrender everything, except principle, which stood in the way of others, and an earnestness of co-operation and brotherhood which at once begot a confidence assuring success. * * *

"The union of the Liberal forces was discussed from the standpoints of the Ethical Culturist, the Independent, the Unitarian, the Jew, the Universalist, sociologist, and the representative of the Higher Orthodoxy; and, in every case, the basis of union presented

was substantially the same—all contended for union on moral and practical, rather than on intellectual grounds; on righteousness of purpose and unselfish service, rather than on the acceptance of doctrines—all argued for union with men of pure hearts and clean hands, who are reaching out after high ideals, whatever their faith may be. * * *

"Declaring itself to be non-sectarian, pledging itself to work for undogmatic religion, and for the establishment of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty, the congress is an association in which all free, independent and non-sectarian churches may come together in practical fellowship with one another and with other societies in sympathy with them, and work together.

"To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God
And ample as the wants of man."

In the perfection of this organization the Non-Sectarian realizes the fulfillment of its ardent hope and the accomplishment of a part of the great work which it has so steadfastly and earnestly advocated. We believe that the basis of fellowship is broad enough to meet all legitimate demands and strong enough to accomplish all desired ends. It furnishes that fellowship which the Independent societies have so deeply needed, and will prove helpful and inspiring to those denominational societies which are working toward undogmatic religion. The measure of its success will depend upon the wisdom, the earnestness, and the fidelity with which it undertakes its great work. It must be remembered that it will require something more than a written platform of principles, which, after all, are mere words; like all great undertakings, it will require work—work demanding personal self-sacrifice and self-consecration.

The task before it is by no means a light one—that of educating mankind out of its reverence for old creeds and old thought merely because they are old, into a higher, broader, freer worship of more noble ideals. It should be made the medium through which well considered plans for missionary work may be carried out, not only among those whose thoughts are already turned in its direction, but among the great unchurched, indifferent and ignorant masses, whom other churches do not and cannot reach."

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Who Made The First Cup of Coffee.

In the Bibliothèque Nationale there is a manuscript (near the end of the sixteenth century), written by an Arab, Abdelcader, who declares that coffee was the drunk for first time in Arabia in the middle of the fifteenth century. Others think that certain remarks in Persian writings imply that coffee was used in Persia as early as the ninth century; but most authors dispute these texts. It is commonly supposed that the use of coffee in its earliest home, Abyssinia, and its second home, Arabia, is only five to six centuries old.

A legend says that the Angel Gabriel once, when Mohammed was ill, brought him a cup of coffee. Another legend says that a Mohammedan monk discovered that his goats became very lively and full of fun after they had eaten the fruit of the coffee-tree. This observation caused him to make the first cup of coffee. His dervishes enjoyed the coffee, and ever afterward drank it at night, to produce wakefulness, when they kept vigils. Cautious historians laugh at these traditions and prefer to stand by Abdelcader's manuscript. This writer mentions an Arab, Gemaleddin, a judge in Aden, who, while traveling to Persia, or, as the historians correct the manuscript, to Abyssinia, saw people use coffee as medicine. He used it and was cured of a sickness. Later, becoming a monk, he taught his brethren the use of coffee. It was,

then, in Aden that coffee-drinking originated. The *Fakeers* even made coffee-drinking compulsory upon their neophytes. Public coffee houses originated in Aden, and very early in history. We do not find any opposition to the use of coffee until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Egyptian sultan sent a new governor, Chair Bey, to Mecca. This governor knew nothing about coffee, and was greatly enraged when he saw the dervishes in the Mosque drink coffee. He believed that which they did was contrary to the teaching of the Koran, and that they became intoxicated. He consulted two Persian physicians, who were opposed to coffee. They declared it was a substitute for wine, which is prohibited by the Koran, and hence coffee-drinking was a violation of Mohammed's law. To prove that coffee-drinking made persons neglect religious duties, they pointed to the fact that while coffee-houses were multiplying the mosques were empty. Chair Bey called a council of physicians, priests and lawyers, and, on their advice, forbade absolutely the use of coffee. The police gathered all coffee that could be found, and burned it in the market-place. Afterward, he reported to the sultan what he had done, and received the following note in reply: "Your physicians are asses. Our lawyers and physicians in Cairo are better informed. They recommend the use of coffee, and I declare that no faithful will lose Heaven because he drinks coffee." About twenty years later, a man in Cairo preached against coffee, and

declared that coffee-drinkers were poor Mohammedans. Since then coffee-drinking has been unmolested and has become a favored drink everywhere. — *Nordstjernen* Copenhagen.

Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. M. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

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